They are Not.

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Semper ego Auditor tantum ? Juv.

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They are Not.

OF all the torments, cares and plagues that wait
On the laborious drudgery of ſtate;
Of all the various croſſes that ſtill teaze
The wretch, who toils to give a nation eaſe;
No greater curſe too partial fate has ſent,
Than the falſe cries of envious diſcontent.—
Tho' ſtill aſſiduous for his country's good,
He flies ev'n common joys, and needful food;
Tho' ſleep's a ſtranger to his longing eyes,
Which anxious fear and reſtleſs thought ſupplies;
Tho' thouſand dangers throng his thorny way,
Thick as the rolling waves that croud the ſea;
And tho' thro' all he ſteers his ſteady courſe,
Baffles th' impetuous torrent's head-long force,

Risks

Risks the wild rout, unaided, and alone,
And for each peaſant's ſafety ſtakes his own.
Still, ſtill, hard-lot! he hourly feels the bite
Of ranc'rous malice, calumny and ſpite:
Th'ungrateful worm, preſerv'd by paiceful art,
Attempts to ſting its foſt'ring Patron's heart;
And giddy parties bid their fury riſe,
'Gainſt him that ſaves their liberties and lives.
Whence, gracious Heav'n, has this vile monſter birth,
That thus infeſts th'ungrateful ſons of earth!
Say, from what vice this cauſeleſs murm'ring ſprings,
The certain lot of miniſters and Kings?
From ſpite; proud ſpite, that ſquints upon the throne,
Nor brooks a pow'r ſuperior to its own:
Parent of diſcord, tumult, feud and ſtrife,
Foe to all honour, bane of ſocial life:
Reſtleſs, ambitious, inſolent and vain,
The wretch's glory, but the great's diſdain.

Or from th'important bubble, ſelf-conceit;
That ſcale that gives each coxcomb's actions weight;
That flatt'ring picture that deludes vain eyes;
That faithleſs mirror, where the fool ſeems wiſe.
Full fraught with this, poor *Lullus* cries, 'Come down,
'Thou helpleſs, ign'rand ſteward to the crown:
'Is it for thee, thou blundering lump of pri[illegible],
'A nation's various policies to guide?
'Quit, quit the reins.---From my more ſteady hand,
'Soon ſhalt thou learn to ſave, and pleaſe the land;
'Soon ſhalt thou ſee ſucceſs my labours crown,
And thy rep'ated errors conſcious own.
O mortals, blind to fate!--too often bent
To covet evils, and forſake content:
Fed with vain hopes, how many purchaſe wye!
How few, alrs! theſr real int'reſt know.
Shou'dſt thou, vain *Lullus*, all thy wiſhes ſate,
And ſeize with giddy hands the reins of ſtate;

When

When faction dire, with all their horri train,
Prey on thy eaſe, and rack thy tortur'd brain;
When all the dang'rous ſands and ſhelves appear,
Thre' which with cautious conduct thou muſt ſteer:
How will thy ſoul, with terror and affright,
Start at the dreadful, the diſtracting ſight!
Then, then, to late, thou'lt curſe in wild deſpai-
Th'ambitious thoughts that made the graſp at care,
Anc barter ev'ry ſweet and happy hour,
For the ſute pain and miſery of pow'r.---
Stern *Turnus* thus, when wretched *Pallas* dy'd
Tore the gay trophy from his bleeding ſide,
With vaunting wroth, aud unrelenting pride.
Cut when the fatal prize *Æneas* view'd,
And claim'd atonememt for his dear friends blood
He curs'd the hour *Evander*'s ſon was ſlain,
And wiſh'd the glitt'ring ſpoil untouch'd had been,
Or that th'unhapy *Pallas* liv'd again.

Are theſe Things ſo?—ill-manner'd—cries ;
And ecchoing *M*——*s*, *Yes*, *they are*, replies,
While ſcurril taunt both truth and ſenſe ſupplies.
Are not our fleets already on the main,
The diſtant terror of inſulting *Spain* ?
Is there no time, no diligence, no care
Requir'd to raiſe thoſe glorious bulks of war ?
Is it worth nothing to have ſuch a guard ?
Or is it nothing to be thus prepar'd ?
Can we direct *what winds our ſails ſhall fill* ?
Can we, if heaven's 'gainſt us, *ſteer at will* ?
Or when, with fav'ring gales, we've made our way
From fam'd St. Helen's *to as fam'd* Torbay ;
Ought we, preſumptuous thought ! but once complain,
If *Fate* commands ous Veſſels *back again* ?
But have our foes unhurt triumphant rode ?
And has no check their forward courage aw'd ?

Have we, *quite lo to glory*, ſoundly ſlept ?
Have all our pow'rs *a drowſey Sabbeth* kept ?
Have they all ſlighted *Empire* and *Renown*,
Bemus'd at home, or *ſunk in foreign down* ?
Why theſe rejoicings ?---Why this grateful ſound
Whoſe undulations ſwells all *England* round ?
Why to the brazen trump of ſpreading fame,
Does ev'ry *Briton* eccho *Vernon*'s name ?
Has *Porto Bello*, and has *Chagre* fell,
And yet, ungrateful men ! Is nothing well ?
Or dare you baſely, after this, cry on,
' *So many Millions ſpent, yet nothing done* ?
Is Britain *ſunk to ſuch a low degree*,
That France *and* Spain *muſt limit her the ſea* ?
Is ſhe, as fame reports her fallen ſo low ;
She, who was once ſo great and glorious ?--No.
Already to its coſt proud *Spain* has prov'd,
She's ſole *unqueſtion'd Monrach of the Floon* ;
Already felt her fierce all-conqu'ring fire,
And learnt to tremble at the 'vengeful ire.

And *France*, preſumptuous *France*, too ſoon ſhall know,
What *Britons*, juſtly mov'd to wrath, can do;
Whjle the whole judging univerſe ſhall ſee,
Our hands and hearts are reſolute and free.
Curſe on the man, whoſe poiſon'd ſoul would blaſt
His country's quiet for his own repaſt:
Who ſnarls at all things he's too weak to mend,
And rallies ſchemes he cannot comprehend:
Who fill'd with notions of he knows not what,
Deems it his duty to revile the great.
Like the baſe Hound, who, full of native ſpite,
Barks at the ſilver Moon's refulgent light,
Cauſe he's ſo vilely mean, ſhe ſo divinely bright.
When, ſay who can, has Virtue been impair'd?
When has it fail'd to meet its due regard?
Who e'er to ſully real merit ſtrove?
Or rob a brave man of his country's love?

Vernon has nobly well his duty done,
And *Britain* owns him for a worthy ſon.
'Twere baſe and mean, with little arts, to ſoil
The juſt reward of his ſo glorious toil:
And 'twere as baſe and wretched, not to raiſe
The grateful voice, and join the gen'ral praiſe.
Yet *Chagre's* riſing tow'rs might ſtill have ſtood,
And *Porto Bello* menac'd ſtill the flood;
Had not the prudence, whoſe inceſſant care
Protects us ſtill alike in peace or war;
Full of the ſpirit of an injur'd land,
Thus giv'n th'important politick command:
'Go forth, my ſon, and maſter of the Main,
'Write their proud inſults in the blud of *Spain*;
'Level their pride, and bid the wretches feel
'Th'extremeſt wrath of thy avenging ſteel;
'Till ſcatter'd tow'rs in ſmoking ruins lie,
'And daſtard cries invaid the diſtant Sky.
'With fatal terrors arm'd, go forth, my ſon,
'This —— be this juſtiee to thy country done.

And

And ſhall we then forget the firſt, beſt cauſe
Of all theſe bleſſings, in our loud applauſe?
Or ought not ev'ry *Britiſh* ſoul to ſay,,
Hail! to the glorious author of To-da,---

Will nothing ever drive ye to deſpair,
Ye eungry ſwarms of *Grubſtreet*, and *Rag-Fair*?
Will nothing your malicious gall aſſuage?
Will your uneaſy ſpite for ever rage?
See *Walpole* brighter from your Venom riſe,
See hiſſi diſdain your unavailing lies,
And all your empty menaces diſpiſe.
In conſcious juſtice cloath'd. your arts he views,
Yet calmly great his candid courſe purſues:
All Rancour, Party, Pique, expung'd his mind;
Regardleſs of himſelf---- to ſerve mankind.

Go on, brave man, and, in thy noble heart,
Still let chy country claim the better part:
Still, beſt of patriots, kindly guard her cauſe,
And ſhield her right, her liberties, her laws:

So

So 'mongſt the nobleſt ſhalt thau foremoſt ſhine,
And ev'ry honeſt *Briton*'s praiſe be thine.
And when the fatal day at length ſhall come,
When thou muſt meet inevitable doom;
When thy groſs part ſhall ſink to mould'ring clay
And thy great ſoul impatient wing its way.
(For even *Cato* felt the leaden weight,
And *Brutus* crouch'd to unrelenting Fate:
Nor can the moſt conſummate virtue ſave,
Its mortal maſter from the greedy grave)
In ev'ry grateful breſt thy worth ſhall live,
And the ſure fame to endleſs years ſurvive;
While this juſt tribute to thy ſacred Tomb,
Shall fire the ſouls of ages yet to come,
'That great man's reliques fill this little urn,
'Who late made *England* bleſt, now makes it mourn
'Ah! why to grieve or bleſs us, gracious Heav'n!
'Was he at all, or why not longer giv'n!

To

To Royal *George* let ev'ry *Briton* ſing,
Our indulgent Parent, Friend and King.
His chief delight—is ſtill to nurſe the ſtats;
His care——to make us happy, good and great;
His ſole ambition——in our hearts to reign;
His pride—to eaſe our cares, and ſooth our pain;
His ſcorn —— each giddy, carping, factious knave,
Each creeping tool, and ev'ry venal ſlave.

And will not *England* with her King unite,
To vindicate the nation's in'ur'd right?
Will ſhe not wait till his deſigns are known,
At once t'advance his glory and her own!
Yes: —— in her ſov'reign's care ſhe'll firmly truſt;
She knows him gen'rous, brave, ſincere and juſt;
Already his victorious arm is known,
His endleſs glory lives in ev'ry zone;

And

And *Flandrian* plains, yet hot with blood, can tell,
Beneath his conqu'ring ſword what thouſands fell.
Protected teus, *with ſuch a guardian force,*
Soon no proud don ſhall dare moleſt her Cauſe;
And certain Vengeance ſhall on *Spain* be pour'd,
Unleſs till ſev'nfold's for her wrongs reſtor'd.

FINIS.